SNOW, ICE, RUBBISH, GARBAGE CLOG NEW YORK'S STREETS MENACING CITIZENS' LIVES

Evening World Investigator Finds Conditions Deplorable in Manhattan.

MONTH MORE WORK.

Street Cleaning Department Depending on the Sun to Finish the Job.

Nearly one million dollars of the city's money has been dumped into the sewers to melt away with the snow of a fortnight ago. And there is every prospect of $2,750,000 of good money being thrown in on top of that before Manhattan, Brooklyn and the Bronx are emancipated from the snow plague.

Seventy-two thousand, six hundred and twenty-five dollars has been poured into the snow sewers for each of the eight days of snow removal. And unless the sun shines continually for many days and the nights are warm it will be another month before the streets are restored to cleanliness. Hurry up, spring!

As Commissioner Fetherston, the new head of the Street Cleaning Department, sits helplessly in his office and assures an army of reporters and a much larger army of angry citizens that "We are doing the best we can!" the city struggles under a mountain of snow, ice, rubbish, garbage and general filth.

Commissioner Fetherson has asked the Board of Estimate for $581,000 to pay for the first eight days' work. And the city will still owe about $400,000 to pay for the work done up until last night. The Commissioner is praying for a double powered sun from now on.

An Evening World reporter made an extensive tour of Manhattan yesterday, the fourteenth day since "16,000 men and 2,600 trucks began removing the snow." Neither Brooklyn nor the Bronx was taken into consideration—only Manhattan, where the work of the "street cleaners" has been centred.

SNOW REMOVAL TRUCKS NOT IN EVIDENCE.

One cannot conceive just how fearful street conditions are until such a tour is undertaken. Every section of the borough was visited—on foot, in surface cars, elevated trains and on a Fifth avenue bus. And it is a solemn fact that the reporter saw scarcely a dozen snow removal trucks. Perhaps it was fate that he always was "where they ain't."

So, slipping and sliding and sloshing over crossings of even the heavy traffic streets—where one would suspect an effort would have been made to have the streets inhabitable—and dodging in and out among miniature mountains of dirty, mud-stained snow; fighting for the pedestrian's right of way on sidewalks filled with heavy horse-drawn wagons, auto trucks and taxicabs that found it impossible to plough their tortuous way through the snow drifts banking the streets from gutter to gutter; carefully eluding veritable cesspools of filth decaying between piles of snow that once was virgin; hastening away from the piles of garbage dumped into the choked streets because wagons could not force their way over the usual routes; stepping unsuspectingly into mudholes, and leaping across rivers and lakes of mushy snow—indeed, the way of the investigator was hard.

There was just one saving grace in the whole situation. The sidewalks are clean! So, one wonders why the city doesn't practice what it preaches. Stern policemen have made their rounds since the plague of snow stunned the city, forcibly recalling to householders' minds the law that makes it necessary to clean the sidewalks. And everywhere citizens have labored determinedly and consistently; and, having obeyed the city's laws, they stand on their cleansed pavements and view with wondering eyes—mirroring also anger and resentment, that unquestionably they were not getting a square deal—the horrible condition of the streets that seemingly the city has not even tried to clean. And they sadly conclude there is a vast difference between a citizen and a city.

Having hardly survived the trip through the east side, transformed into a busy, snowladen Siberia, the reporter came to Fifth avenue and Forty-second street—wonderfully clean in comparison with parts of Darker New York, and sought Supt. Gunther of the Snow Removal Bureau. He was asked to explain.

"WE ARE DOING THE BEST WE CAN," ECHOED.

"We are doing the best we can," he echoed, and then he turned hastily to distract the caller's mind and flashed a newspaper clipping.

"Read that!" he said, proudly.

The clipping detailed "terrible conditions in the streets of Newark, piled high with snow and garbage." Newark is where "Big Bill" Edwards, New York's former Street Cleaning Commissioner, is holding forth. Mr. Gunther said he had been with the department nineteen years and "never struck such awful weather condition as now." "It's the weather that's responsible," he said. "You see, even Edwards can't fight the weather." But Bill Edwards is not cleaning the streets of Newark. It's not his job. Thus the Street Cleaning Department deposeth and presents its alibi.

Officials talk blandly about the garbage and rubbish wagons making their regular rounds and say the continued cold has retarded the snow removal. But nevertheless the East Side is fairly covered with effluvia of thousands of houses and tenements, and Washington street and other thoroughfares on the West Side are in similar disease-breeding condition.

In the better residential districts the plague of snow is fully as bad, though householders have been more patient and have tried to keep the snow-filled streets clear of rubbish and filth. Fifth avenue is clean up to One Hundred and Tenth street, but above that point it holds mountains of snow. For a great crosstown street, the first traffic artery above Central Park, One Hundred and Tenth street is a joke. It is almost impassable, even at its busy intersection with Fifth avenue.

Madison avenue is fairly clean and also parts of Lexington avenue, but Park avenue is in bad condition. From Forty-second to Forty-seventh street the cross thoroughfares east of Fifth avenue are clean, but north of that few streets are passable. Fifty-ninth street is clear, but it is strangely true that the main arteries from the east running through Central Park have not been cleaned. Such streets as Sixty-fifth, Seventy-second, Seventy-ninth, Ninety-sixth and One Hundred and Second that have the heaviest traffic, are in fearful shape. Eighty-fifth street was the first crosstown park artery the tourist finds cleared as it should be.

HARLEM'S STREETS NEARLY ALL BLOCKADED.

Unspeakable conditions exist in Lenox, St. Nicholas, Seventh and Eigth avenues above the park. Harlem's streets have almost a complete blockade, and busy One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street is like a welcome oasis in a desert. The "mountainous streets" off Upper Broadway are so choked that lives of those forced to traverse them are menaced.

At Columbus avenue and Eighty-fourth street the reporter saw three men cleaning a crossing—and was hopeful. A very few streets from the Hudson River to Central Park between Fifty-ninth street and One Hundred and Tenth are clean, even important Seventy-second street being choked. Columbus and Amsterdam avenues are in bad shape, and the least said about north and south arteries further west the better—for Mr. Fetherston.

Below the Park the few cross streets open are Fifty-ninth, Forty-second, Thirty-fourth, Twenty-third and Fourteenth, with short stretches of others. Hudson and Washington streets and the whole of Greenwich Village are snowbound, though Greenwich street is in fair condition. Sixth avenue is clear, but Seventh and Eighth are piled high with snow except in a few stretches, while West Broadway is travelled at personal risk.

Commissioner Fetherston adds little—in the way of verbal relief, at least, and his customary optimism—to what he has said repeatedly: "We are doing the best we can."

THROWING SNOW INTO SEWERS GETS A BELATED TRIAL

A plan to clean the streets of snow by dumping it into the sewers and then flushing these out with powerful streams of water from fire engines was tried out to-day in Sixty-eighth street between Lexington and Third avenues, behind Fire Headquarters. It failed, but Fire Commissioner Adamson, Street Cleaning Commissioner Fetherston, Chief Kenlon and Ernest Flagg, inventor of the scheme, were satisfied that had the snow been attacked soon after its fall, before it had time to freeze into heavy lumps, the plan would have operated successfully.

Mr. Featherston had a squad of street cleaners on hand and Mr. Adamson had Engine 39, a motor engine which throws 700 gallons of water a minute, brought around from the Headquarters building. The snow was dropped through a manhole into which the stream from a hose was directed.

The work seemed to be progressing well until some one thought to look at another manhole one hundred feet to the east. Then it was discovered the snow had clogged the sewer pipe and the water was backing up into this manhole.

If there be another fall of snow this year the plan will probably be tried again. Chief Kenlon believes it would work at all times if the hydrants were connected directly with the sewers so that water could be poured into the pipes between the manholes.

JOB SEEKERS IN RIOT.

Attack Man Whom Police Say Had No Authority to Empoy Them.

Nearly four hundred job-hungry waiters attacked policemen to-day when the officers tried to rescue Alfred Beisold, thirty-five years old, of No. 507 West street, who, it is charged, was putting up a confidence game on the waiters.

Beisold advertised for waiters for a Canadian Railroad. The police say he demanded $5 from each applicant and that he had no authority. Lieut. Monahan and Detective Cohan went to No. 348 West Fourteenth street, where Beisold was operating and applied for work. They were asked to put up $5 but arrested Beisold for operating without a license. When the officers tried to lead Beisold out they had a running battle. They managed to get their man to the patrol [illegible]

New York Women Lead in Daring Fashions; They Outdo Even Paris, Says Mme. Reboux


MADAME LEONE GORGES REBOUX

"The Costumes That Are Worn in New York To-Day Will Be Worn in Paris To-Morrow—The Most Daring Novelties I Have Seen Here Are Not Yet Known at Home," Declares the Visitor.

AMERICAN WOMEN BEAUTIFUL AND CHIC.

"The New York Woman Is Built Like a Goddess, With Her Long Lines and Her Erect, Dominant Carriage, Very Different From the French Woman."


SKETCH by MADAME GEORGES-REBOUX.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

New York women set the fashion for the women of Paris!

No longer do the wealthiest of Uncle Sam's daughters turn themselves out in painstaking imitation of the Parisian mannikins. On the contrary, the feminine contingent of the erstwhile Capital of Fashion seeks anxiously to know what is being worn in New York. The most daring modes are first to be seen on the women of this city and are adopted by Parisians some time later, if at all.


MISS M. M. MARSHALL

A French woman has made this distinctly piquant discovery. She is Mme. Leone Georges-Reboux, wife of Paul Reboux, playwright, novelist and literary editor of the Paris Journal. Mme. Reboux is herself well known as a painter on ivory and porcelain. Also, according to her husband, she is the most beautiful woman in the world. "I have travelled all over the world," he said, "and nowhere have I seen a woman more beautiful than she."

Nor do I think that M. Reboux's remark should be dismissed as a honeymoon rhapsody. Mme. Georges-Reboux is really a very lovely little person. She has a figure which is at once slender and rounded, and her hands and feet are exquisitely modelled. Her gold-brown hair is wreathed about her small head and one or two locks fall childishly over her forehead. She has big brown eyes set under arching brows, a smooth olive skin and a mouth of which the color belies the demure expression. Her face, wide and almost square at the forehead, curves to a round, softly modelled chin—almost exactly the facial contour of an expensive French doll. But there is nothing doll-like in the quick interplay between mouth and eyes, which makes half her charm.

"As an artist and as a beautiful woman," I put it to her frankly, when I called on her at the Hotel Belmont, "how does the American woman impress you?"

AMERICAN WOMEN BEAUTIFUL, BUT DIFFERENT.

"The American woman is beautiful and she is chic," replied Madame Georges-Reboux. "But both in her beauty and in her chicness she differs from the woman of my country."

And then came the innocent bombshell remark which, if it's true, must reverse the old saying into a promise that when good Parisians die they shall go to New York. Said Madame calmly:

"The costumes of New York women are made differently from the costumes of French women. But that does not mean that the women of your city are behind the style. It means that they are ahead of the style. The costumes that are worn in New York to-day will be worn in Paris to-morrow. The most daring novelties I have seen here are not yet known at home.

"I went to the opera last night," continued Madame, with kindling enthusiasm, "and I was enchanted and amazed with the beauty and the elegance which I beheld. One thing which interested me much was the fact that your women do not wear too many jewels. I had expected to be blinded with them. But there was no crude magnificence, nothing but the beautiful display which might be expected in a Continental capital. The effect was of intense sophistication, not of barbaric splendor.

"In dress, though, you have courage. You carry off the daring design with a grand air. For an example, I hear that your women are beginning to wear colored hair in the hotels and on the streets. In Paris they have never worn [illegible] masked balls. You lead the way, even in this."

"But this is a perfectly new viewpoint," I intervened. "Most of us have supposed that the pronounced sartorial designs came straight from Paris, and that the most pronounced ones—stayed there."

Madame's head, eyes and lips spoke a vigorous denial.

"I think," she said, "that the effect of elegance which the American woman gives is partly due to her physical attributes.

"One of the first things which impressed me about the woman I saw in New York was her superior height. She is built on the proportions of a goddess, with her long lines and her erect, dominant carriage. Her head is large, and so are her features. Her forehead and mouth are wide, her nose long, her chin determined. Everything is in harmony, and so the effect is beautiful. But the beauty is conspicuous, commanding, and the adornment of such beauty must necessarily make one open one's eyes.

"The Frenchwoman is an altogether different type. She is short and slight, with slim, small hands and feet and tiny, carefully finished features. She has not the grand manner, because she knows that it does not belong with her physical appearance. She attracts by being dainty, fragile, beguiling, what you call—it is hard to find a word—but I think you Americans call it 'cunning?'"

"We do, when we don't call it 'cute,'" I assured Madame.

"Such a woman," she continued, "cannot strike you in the eye, no matter what she wears. It is the American type that makes you say, 'Magnificent!' Never before have I seen such perfect blondes. I suppose your development is due to your athletic training and your exercise.

"We in Paris are taking up those practices," the little artist confided, ingenuously. "We are doing the exercises with the arms, and we are playing tennis and golf. It is this generation of young girls that has begun it, but by and by they will be women, and after that their daughters will be women. A few generations from now the French woman will be very different from what she is to-day.

EVEN THE SHOP GIRLS COME IN FOR PRAISE.

"Another interesting fact which I have observed about your women is the elegance, the attractive appearance and the excellent manners of the girls who work in your shops and in your inexpensive restaurants. They surpass in these respects the young women occupying a similar position in life at home.

"American women seem to have more babies than French women have, and to spend more of their time with their little ones. The freedom and independence of the American woman apparently does not interfere with her being a good mother. And in manners and social customs she is more free than the French woman, though I think the latter has much freedom in her mind. The American woman seems to be regarded as a delightful companion by her husband."

"Then you haven't noted that her freedom of manner and her athletic development have made her unattractive to men?" I asked, hoping the answer would properly squelch the sweet, womanly female.

"When she is athletic her men friends or her husband, far from being displeased, obviously desire to be athletic in her company," Madame gratified my unspoken wish.

But after this, when we wear naughty frocks, we can't blame it on Paris!

12,000 MILES TO WED MAN SHE'S NEVER SEEN

After Photograph Courtship Miss Hulse Goes to Marry Bowman in Japan.

TRENTON, N. J., Feb. 28.—Hazel Hulse, daughter of James Hulse of No. 512 Princeton avenue, this city, has begun preparations for a journey to Japan, where she is to marry a man she has never seen. He is Arthur G. Bowman, an American employee of the Imperial Maritime Customs of China, in which service Miss Hulse's brother, Aubrey, and her uncle, Clarence Lovett are also employed.

Photographs sent by the Trenton girl to her brother and uncle first stirred Bowman's fancy. He ventured to write her, and before long a regular interchange of letters was under way.

In May Miss Hulse will start for the Far East, accompanied by her brother, who has been on leave of absence in this country. In Tokio they will be met by Bowman and Lovett, and the marriage will take place in that city. Then Bowman and his bride will proceed to Hangchow, where Bowman is stationed.

M. J. Thompson, Teacher, Dead.

Maurice J. Thompson, principal of Public School No. 70, Third avenue and Seventy-fifth street, died yesterday in the Hackensack Hospital, Hackensack.

Mr. Thompson was forty-six years old. Before becoming principal of Public School No. 70 he was principal of Public School No. 5, at Madison avenue and Eighty-fifth street. He is survived by his wife and two children.

DR. WEIL REPORTS CANCER VACCINE MOST HOPEFUL TREATMENT

Says X-Rays and Radium Do Not Penetrate Deep Enough for Real Service.

At a dinner of the Manhattan Medical Society in the City Athletic Club, at No. 48 West Fifty-fourth street, last night, Dr. Richard Weil, assistant director of the cancer laboratories of Cornell Medical School and chief of the cancer research work at General Memorial Hospital, read a paper dealing with some modern phases of the cancer problem.

Referring to X-rays and radium, Dr. Weil said that they affect the superficial types of malignancy chiefly. They do not penetrate deeply enough to be of great service, and they do not act to prevent growths elsewhere in the body, or to do away with constitutional symptoms. Many so-called "cures" are based on errors of judgment or on too superficial observation.

Misinterpretation is exceedingly easy. The size of a tumor as determined by actual measurement should be the chief criterion of improvement. Some cancerous nodules in the same organism may diminish or disappear while others continue to grow enormously.

Dr. Weil reported a half dozen cases of undoubted cancer cure, as described in the literature, and referred briefly to two of his own cases at the General Memorial Hospital which have improved so greatly as to warrant their dismissal from the institution.

These were cases which had been treated by a cancer vaccine, and this at present seems to be the most rational and hopeful procedure, he said.

Dr. Weil cautioned his hearers, however, against the assumption that there is any known specific for this disease. He said he wished merely to point out the outlook for an ultimate cure as certainly hopeful, even though the attainment be remote.

GREAT NECK HOME BURNS.

(Special to The Evening World.)

GREAT NECK, L. I., Feb. 28.—The $10,000 home of George J. Hardway, an architect with offices at No. 347 Fifth avenue, New York, was practically destroyed by fire at daybreak to-day. The house is outside the organized fire and water districts. When the alarm reached the Vigilant Company of Great Neck station, under Foreman Frank Kirkman, and the Alert Company of Great Neck village, under Chief John Carroll, the firemen had all they could do to save the framework and some of the property on the lower floors.

BAREFOOT CHASE IN SNOW AND ICE LANDS BURGLAR

Policeman Dressing When Little Son Warns Him of Intruders in Kitchen.

TWO DASH UP TO ROOF.

Pursuer Halts One by Firing in Air and Gets Him as He Falls in Snow Bank.

Harry, the four-year-old son of Patrolman Henry A. Shaw of the Delancey street station, has the detective instinct.

The boy was playing in the parlor of his home, No. 118 East One Hundred and Eighteenth street, late yesterday afternoon. His mother had gone visiting and his father was dressing, preparing to go on duty.

Hearing a noise at a door leading into the kitchen from the outer hall Harry investigated. The door suddenly opened and two men entered. The boy stole back into his father's room and said: "Burglars in the kitchen."

Shaw, coatless and without shoes, seized his revolver and ran to the kitchen. The men dashed up the stairs to the roof. There they separated, one running east over the roofs and the other west. Shaw followed the man going east and saw him dive through the scuttle at No. 122.

On reaching the street the patrolman was some distance behind the man who turned east. At Lexington avenue he was half a block in the lead and gaining. He turned south on Lexington avenue and Shaw called out:

"Stop, or I'll shoot!"

The man did not stop and Shaw fired twice in the air. This frightened the man so that he fell face first in the snow.

Shaw took him to the East One Hundred and Fourth street station, where he said he was Alfred Arcidicena of No. 315 East One Hundred and Sixth street. He refused to give the name of his companion and was locked up charged with burglary.

NEAR DEATH HIMSELF, CARRIES HURT GIRL MILE TO HER HOME

Young Man in Coasting Accident Rescues Companion, Who Is Crippled for Life.

DANBURY, Conn., Feb. 28.—Physicians attending Hawley Silkman, a student who, with Miss Marion E. Taylor, was injured in a coasting accident last evening, declare to-day that the young man is in grave danger. Three of his ribs are broken and he is hurt internally, his condition having been greatly aggravated by his efforts in carrying Miss Taylor more than a mile to her home after the accident.

Miss Taylor, who is the daughter of William H. Taylor, owner of a hotel at Mill Plain, will be crippled for life as the result of a broken hip.

The two were coasting on "Joe's Hill," a steep slope a mile and a half long. At a sharp curve near the bottom the sled left the track, shot for twenty feet through the air and pitched them against a bank of ice and snow. When Silkman struggled to his feet he saw that the girl was helpless. There was no one near to aid, so, picking her up in his arms, he started the agonizing journey home.

On the porch of the Taylor home Silkman fell, unconscious from pain and weakness. He had been an hour and a half in covering the distance.

ONCE WEALTHY LAWYER DIES ON THE STREET

Was Walking to Hospital Because He Had Not Money for Carfare.

Solomon Emanuel, a lawyer and a graduate of the Columbia Law School in the class of 1875, died to-day in the arms of his wife on the steps of a house at No. 225 West Thirty-eighth street. He collapsed on his way to the Polyclinic Hospital.

With his wife Mr. Emanuel started from their home, a furnished room at No. 522 Eighth avenue, for the hospital. They walked because he had no money to pay carfare.

The lawyer was formerly a man of means. He had offices at No. 320 Broadway and for seventeen years was connected with the Metropolitan Street Railway Company. He left their employ five years ago and had supported himself by addressing envelopes and doing what clerical work he could get. He is said to have had a wealthy sister, but was always too proud to let her know that he had fallen on hard times.

"CRAB RACE" WON, BROOKLYN BOY IS LOST IN BRONX

But All the Same He Wanted No Fussy Women Wiping Away His Tears.

PROUD MESSAGE TO DAD.

Likes Police Station Pretty Well, Thank You, but He Is Home Now.

Fortunately for nine-year-old Joaquin Rodrigues of No. 306 Prospect avenue, Brooklyn, this is Saturday and he can rest after the strenuous adventures into which he backed yesterday.

Joaquin accepted a "backin' up" challenge from Willie Swain, who sits next to him in Public School No. 146, Eighteenth street and Seventh avenue, Brooklyn.

He backed from the door of Public School No. 146 through several miles of Brooklyn streets, and when he finally got dizzy, paused and took his bearings, he had backed across the Brooklyn Bridge and was lost in Manhattan.

Several men caught the glint of the tears which dizziness had brought to Joaquin's eyes and spoke sympathetically. Then one came along who asked him where he lived. Joaquin replied: "Prospect avenue."

"Come along then, kid," said the man, "I'll take you home on the subway."

Finally the guard called "Prospect avenue," and Joaquin and his friend got out. The friend called "Goodby, kid," and was gone. Joaquin, to his consternation, was in a strange land. He had been brought to Prospect avenue in the Bronx—not Prospect avenue, Brooklyn.

Then he had another attack of dizziness, which brought more water to his eyes, and several officious women thought he was crying.

That was more than he could bear. He darted away from the women as fast as he could run. Policeman Gilligan, whom he found at One Hundred and Forty-ninth street and Tinton avenue, addressed Joaquin with the respect due a "champeen backer up" and they talked as man to man.

About midnight Joaquin and his father started home. On the journey back Joaquin faced forward. Indeed, he rode on the subway.

GIRL PISTOL CARRIER SUFFERS FOR LOYALTY

Edna Freund Silent About One Tony, Who Gave Weapon, and So She Is Convicted.

Edna Freund, eighteen years old, of No. 15 Garfield street, Yonkers, was convicted in the Bronx County Court yesterday of a violation of the Sullivan law. She had been arrested on the evening of Lincoln Day for carrying a revolver at a dance given in the Wakefield Casino, Two Hundred and Thirty-eighth street and White Plains avenue. The jury spent forty-five minutes in reaching a verdict, and Judge Gibbs thanked its members for voting "Guilty" in spite of the fact that the defendant was a girl.

Edna testified that she had gone to the dance with a man called Tony and that the weapon was his. She refused an offer of clemency if she would reveal his name.

COMMISSIONER SHIELDS ILL.

Doctors Regard Complete Rest Necessary to Save His Life.

According to his physicians, the life of John A. Shields, United States Commissioner, for fifty-nine years an officer in the United States District Court, depends upon his ability to overcome his lifelong habits of vigorous effort and to rest quietly at home.

Commissioner Shields became ill a week ago as the result of overwork. At his home, No. 300 Schermerhorn street, Brooklyn, it was reported to-day that while his heart is in weakened condition his chances of recovery are good if he can divorce his mind from his official duties. The Commissioner, who is in his seventy-fourth year, began his services in the Federal Court as a clerk when he was fifteen.

APPRAISALS OF ESTATES.

Mrs. Margaret C. Post, died Sept. 13, 1913; total estate $10,892, net value $8,722.

Anna McAuliffe, died Jan. 5, 1904; total estate, deposits, $4,300; net value, $3,[illegible].

Banyer Ludlow, died Jan. 25, 1913; total estate $114,036, net value $108,762.